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Valentine—

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gets the girl he can take
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WITH more than thirty years of
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erations of business men and stand-
ing for every movement to build
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AT THE CHURCHES.

Strangers in the city and the public are cordially invited to all services at the following churches:

Cambridge Presbyterian Church.
J. B. Eshman, Pastor.
Sunday School at 9:30.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
Christian Endeavor 6:30.
Preaching at 7:30 p. m.

First Presbyterian Church—
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Morning Service 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service 7:30
Christian Endeavor—7:00 p. m.
Weekly Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

First Baptist Church—Rev. C. M. Thompson, Pastor. Services as usual.

Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Morning Service—11:00 a. m.
Evening Service—7:30 p. m.

Second Baptist Church—Rev. W. R. Goodman, Pastor.
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Preaching—11 a. m.
Preaching—7:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U. 6:30 P. M.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night—7:30 p. m.

Westminster Presbyterian Church
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Men's Bible Class—10:00 a. m.
Morning Service—11:45 a. m.
Evening Services 7:30 p. m.

Grace Church—Rev. Geo. C. Abbott, Rector.
Morning prayer and sermon at 6:45.

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

LOVED WRITER'S MEMENTOES

Many Personal Belongings of Robert Louis Stevenson Are Now in This Country.

The penny whistle upon which Robert Louis Stevenson was in the habit of playing when in the reverie of story telling has been presented to Stephen Chalmers by Mrs. Salisbury Field, formerly Isabel Strong, the daughter of Mrs. Stevenson. Mr. Chalmers symbolized the penny whistle as a magic pipe in his little book, "The Penny Piper of Saranac," in which he tells of Stevenson's visit to Saranac in the winter of 1887-1888; and in sending the whistle to Mr. Chalmers, Mrs. Field, who was amanuensis to Stevenson at Vailima, wrote him: "I am sure R. L. S. would have liked you to have it."

Mr. Chalmers, in a letter to Houghton Mifflin company, in which he tells of the gift, says: "I would sooner have had this compliment paid me than an LL. D. from college. The best of it is that I am somewhat of a dab at the penny whistle myself, and when I took the venerable thing out of the package I put my fingers over the six holes and played, 'Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone.'"

Mrs. Field has given to the Stevenson Society of America, which has its headquarters in the little cottage at Saranac in which Stevenson lived while there, a number of Stevenson relics, among which are his familiar velvet jacket, his hat and smoking cap, his cape, his red sash of South sea days, when "The Road of the Loving Heart" was built, and the last pen he used.

L. & N.

Time Card

Effective Jan. 8, 1917.
TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 12:21 a. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:29 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer 9:32 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:00 a. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:36 a. m.
No. 91—Local Passenger, 8:57 a. m.
No. 99—Dixie Limited, 9:56 p. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.
No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim. 5:29 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express 10:20 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer 7:05 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail 10:14 p. m.
No. 90—Local Passenger, 4:32 p. m.
No. 98—Dixie Limited, 6:17 a. m.

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Erie, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

Nos. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof.

No. 93 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connect at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 93 will not carry local passengers for points north of Nashville, Tenn.

W. N. CHANDLER, Ticket Agent

THE WAY OF A MAN

By ALICE WYCKOFF.

"One gets tired of the same man always," pouted Betty in reply to her sister's interrogative comment concerning the too evident state of affairs between her and Owen, and as Betty was never of the wallflower variety of girl, her remark seemed sufficiently explanatory.

"Better not carry that sort of thing too far, my dear," advised Mrs. Moreland, with an ominous air of wisdom. Having assumed Betty as a responsibility, she naturally desired to add eclat to the bare performance of duty. "It's a risky experiment. There are always other girls, you know."

"They are welcome to Mr. Owen's attentions, I'm sure," remarked Betty, coolly. "A few other people are nice to me."

"Now, Betty, what's the matter with you?" demanded Mrs. Moreland severely. "You gave us every reason to believe you really intended to marry Mr. Owen, a perfectly suitable match. And it's time you married somebody, unless you mean to settle into a hopeless old maid. You can't keep up this trifling forever."

Betty was trying a new style of doing her hair, and at that moment was much absorbed in achieving the proper twist.

"What trifling, dear?" she asked politely, when she assured herself upon the correctness of her coiffure.

"Betty Fairfield, you're enough to exasperate a saint," declared the indignant reformer. "After all the flirtations you have carried on, and just when we really thought you were going to be sensible, to flare up like this in a way to bring about another broken engagement. I can tell you, my lady, if you ever mean to marry, you'd better make up your mind about it soon. In a few more years you'll not have the chance."

"Let us hope for the best," consoled Betty, with provoking equanimity. "I've never yet gone begging."

"You will soon if you don't watch out," was her sister's vicious retort. Determined to jab her little darts deep enough to reach any sensitive nerve that might underlie Betty's invincible armor, she volunteered a little fiction she thought calculated to produce that desirable effect.

"Already people are saying that Mr. Owen has been won away from you by Hester Allison's blond beauty and big fortune."

"Who are 'people'?" inquired Betty tranquilly, but the involuntary catch in her voice and the sudden flash of her eyes were not lost on her tormentor. "You are giving yourself a lot of needless worry which the facts in the case do not justify. Since you insist upon taking him seriously," she went on with a peace-at-any-price inflection in her tone, "I will tell you some things about him that you evidently do not know. Mr. Owen is simply a very correct gentleman who is eaten up with egotism, and who has favored me with a mild and uncertain admiration which in its initial stages he mistook for love. He is beginning to realize his little error now that his tentative affections are again occupied with an old sweetheart recently become a widow."

"Shall I enter the lists with this paragon? Shall I run after him? I think I see myself! On the contrary, I have just sent back his ring, with a polite note regretting that I won't be able to see him again before leaving for my long visit to Mabel Dacre. So, as they say in diplomatic affairs, I hope you will recognize that the Owen incident is closed, and won't worry yourself any more about it. I'm sure I shan't."

This unwontedly long and sober speech from Betty was a genuine surprise to her sister, to whom a jealous or neglected Betty was a novel and incredible idea requiring effort to assimilate.

"Perhaps you would better manage it in your own way, my dear," she said mockily, and withdrew to adjust her mind to this novel situation.

But Fate—and Owen—refused to consider the incident closed. That very evening when the last visitor had departed from Betty's parlor there came a quick, imperious ring at the door bell. Thinking that her visitor had forgotten his cane, umbrella or other of his belongings, Betty opened the door to admit him. He was a harassed, appealing Owen, whose heart was in his eyes, and who held out both hands eagerly in a way very different from the correct nonchalance of his ordinary manner.

"I've been hanging round here for an hour waiting for that fellow to leave," he burst out impetuously. "Oh, Betty, I didn't know I could care so much for any woman living. Whatever I've done to offend you, and I swear I don't know what it can be, won't you forgive me? Tell me what's wrong, won't you?"

Betty gazed at him with wondering eyes, and her lips began to tremble.

"I thought you were still in love with that hateful June, and wanted to be free," she confessed humbly.

"What rot," he declared rudely. "I can never be grateful enough to her for preferring Hart, poor fellow. Won't you take me back, Betty? It's my only chance to be happy."

And Betty, with a queer tremulous smile that almost turned to tears, answered in a way that doubtless was perfectly satisfactory to Mrs. Moreland.

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T. L. MORROW, Agent.

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